A REPLY IN THE DEFENCE OF *OXFORD* PETITION, WITH A DECLARATION of the *Academians* Teares for the decay of LEARNING, *OR*, The VNIVERSITIES Feares: ALSO THE DESCRIPTION OF A Reverend Coachman which preached before a company of *Brownists*.

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A DECLARATION
OF THE
KING'S

ACADEMIANS TEARES, OR, THE UNIVERSITIES FEARES for the decay of LEARNING.

LIke to the Swan or Augur of the Spring,
In depth of woe thus I your ſorrow ſing
Learned Academians, eies dimm'd with tears,
The diapaſon of my ſorrow beares:
I grieve, and for my griefe am checkt by thoſe
Who ſeeme well learned, yet are learnings foes.
Wiſe they doe ſeem to be, but yet are fooles
For loving Wiſdome, and yet hate the Schooles
Wherein the nutriment of wiſdome dwels,
What! Is it wiſdome for to ſeek new hels
In an eternall Theame of bliſſe? i'ſt fit
To approve non-ſenſe to be reall wit?
How ſhall the Eunuch Scripture underſtand,
If *Phillip* not aſcend the Chariot, and
Inſtruct? how ſhall dark ſentences be made
cleare as the Sun, when Maſters of each trade
Will be interpreters? Can Lands be free
From hereſies, where all will Preachers be?
O ſurely no, where ignorance doth raigne,
Wiſdome to viſit that coaſt will diſdaine;
When all ſhall teach, who will be learners then?
Sure brutiſh beaſts muſt act the parts of men,
They muſt the audience be, and learne as much
As thoſe which doe at learned fountain grutch.
The Univerſities I meane, who have
Too much they ſay, and yet do daily crave:

Suppoſe that ſome doe avarice affect,
Doe therefore all? ſuppoſe that ſome neglect
The feeding of their flocks, all don't doe ſo,
Why ſhould then any ſeek all to overthrow?
Some Biſhops have done ill (as heretofore
I have declar'd) let them then pay the ſcore
They owe to death, let not ſuch ſervants frowne
Have power to caſt a faithfull Prelate downe,
Though *jure divino* Biſhops muſt not be,
Yet from deriſion they ought to live free,
Which have not tainted been, ſuch ſordid ſlave
(Whoſe baſeneſſe my ſharp pen ſhall ſtrike to's
Ought not to rail at them, which cannot tell (grave)
How they have liv'd, whether bad or well.
Ironmongers, Glovers, and each Coblers wit
Is bent to ſhoote, what is the mark they hit
But only Biſhops? Lord Biſhops they muſt fall,
The reaſon why? they are turn'd Papiſts all.
They love the Pope, and therefore they muſt down,
The Miter never ſhall ore top the Crowne:
God forbid that it ſhould, O firſt let all
Which think but ſuch a thought, by juſtice fall.
Let them be kept from the bright ſhining Sun,
I love *Minerva*, but *Meduſa* ſhun.
Let vertue flouriſh, and let right take place,
But thoſe confounded be, which vice imbrace.
Yet give me leave once more for to revie
Minerva's torment, *Oxfords* miſerie.
Oxford Petition being dedicated
To the Parliament, was printed, hated,
Abuſed, and revil'd by each factious tongue,
Anſwered with envious lines, which ſtung

The

The very hearts of well affected men,
Who ſaid, what would become of learning, when
Each Libeller durſt ſcandalize it, none
Being cal'd in queſtion for't; but yet did pray,
Schollers would patient be, untill a day
(Being conſecrated by the Parliament)
Should come, wherein bad minded mens intent
ſhould hindered be, ſcandalous Libels ſtopt,
The authors being hang'd, or their eares cropt.
This cordiall did give ſome eaſe, but ſtill,
They are abus'd by Browniſts words and quill,
Some of whoſe actions to you I'le deſcrie,
But firſt view Academians miſerie.

Which thus begins.

Once *Oxfords* merits were accounted great,
Our learning reverenc't, but now are beat
To'th ground by each illiterate pen,
Being term'd no better than Romes ſerving men.
Like dolefull mourners we are forc't to walk,
Finding no fitter Theame on which to talk
Then our misfortune, which is Englands hate,
But yet are ignorant from whence our fate
proceeds, ſome ſay from envy it doth come,
Others becauſe we much affected Rome,
By loving Canterbury, whoſe ſad teares
We doe preſent you, being writ in our feares.

Canterbury *his teares.*

COuntry-men heare him which hath done you wrong,
Regard my teares, being *Progn's* ſiſters ſong.
A Clothiers Son I was, in Redding borne,
But now Archbiſhop, and each Vaſſals ſcorne;

And well I doe deserve it, because I
Delighted in nought but your misery.
I aim'd at that which equity forbid,
Still cogitating, that my plots lay hid;
I spurn'd at vertue, but did vice imbrace,
I ne're did dreame of justice, of disgrace,
Which would ensue my crimes, I still did thinke,
I was too high at sorrowes font to drinke:
But ah me wretch! my deeds are now well knowne,
Boreastick blasts my deeds have abroad blowne,
In each place Zephyrus not suffer'd is
With his milde gales to blow, envy doth hiss
At her chiefe Patron, for I term'd was so,
Which now doth heap upon me fatall woe:
Each Poet doth the Muses nine invite,
To aide his pen Satyrick strain to write
Against poore Canterbury, there are none,
Which in the least degree will me bemoane:
For if they should, I know the Commons hate
Would heap on them my dismall, mournfull fate.
My Flock I fed not, no more will they me,
With ought but new invented miserie.
Nor can I blame them for their deserv'd hate,
'Cause I did first make them unfortunate.
I caus'd their griefe, and why should they not mine:
It is not fit the Presser should the Vine
Cut downe, for being good and wholsome fruit,
Nor was it fit, those I could not confute,
For to confound, but now alas, 'tis past,
Wherefore those few daies I enjoy the waste,
In ecchoing forth lamentation
For their falls, and Englands vexation.

O what is man? why nothing. It were well
If he were so, then wide gaping hell
Had nought to doe him; if nothing, then
Nothing could torment him, but when
'Tis plainly prov'd, essence he hath from Jove,
Bestow'd on him, only for the great love
Which he did beare to him, if he abuse
That free-will-offring, and doe quite refuse
To be obsequious to his Gods command,
Kick at his salutes, and proudly withstand
His Makers edicts, then woe be to him,
He must be sure in brinish floods to swim,
Or burn eternally i'th infernall Lake,
Which but to name, each artery shake,
My limbes doe tremble, horror me afflicts,
Conscience accusing me of my vain tricks,
My corps, death feare not, 'tis the jem within,
Whose death I feare, depriv'd by my foule sin.
Pray for me Countrey-men, let curses cease,
Lest that you hinder my soules future peace.

Oxfords *Answer.*

Pray you for him, and us, but we for all,
Especially that learning ne're may fall. *Finis.*

Of a reverend Coachman which preached before a company of Separatists.

AN honest Gentleman of the Inns of Court,
Amongst the Brownists meaning to resort:
His haire he cropt, and with a brothers pace,
With turn'd up eyes, he went to seek the place
Of their abode, at length he it doth finde,
And comming in salutes a sister kinde.

Sister

Sister quoth he, who i'st doth teach this day,
Insooth I know not brother she did say;
Last Sabbath day did teach a worthy man,
Whom once againe I'le heare if that I can.
What was his name said he, she could not tell,
Her only plea was, he taught very well;
A worthy man he was, a Coachman too,
He thought it strange a Coachman so should doe.

The Authors answer.

A Coachman, and a Preacher, O 'tis strange,
What meant these ideots for to exchange
Levi for *Benjamin's*? What did they skip
From doing evill by his Coach-horse whip.
I doe conceit a whip would have been fit
Laid on their backs t'have taught them better wit.
If Coachmen turne Divines, poore Schollers take
Their office, perhaps in time they'le make
You Chaplaines to them, serve the Hall table,
And afterwards they'le make you able,
To minister the Sacrament, but oh!
I quake to tell it, too many have done so.
When I perceive Ironmongers, Walkers are
In Gods own Tabernacle, and doe not feare
His thundering rage (although they know full well)
For peeping in the Ark, how many fell.
My eyes I can't abstaine from springing teares,
Least truth should cease, I'me fil'd with 1000 feares.
But yet I'le pray such things may be altered,
Or those which are upholders of them haltered.
Coachman, get up thy Box, Audience return,
Least the same place doe prove your fatall Urn.

FINIS.